The mother stood at the window;
Her son lay in bed, alas!
"Will you not get up dear William,
To see the procession pass?"
"O, mother! I am so ailling,
I neither can hear nor see;
I think of my poor dead Gretchen,
And my heart grows faint in me."
"Get up, we will go to Kevlaar;
Your book and rosary take;
The mother of God will heal you,
And cure your heart of its ache."
The Church's banners are waving
They are chanting a hymn divine;
"It at Collen is that procession,
At Collen on the Rhine.
With the throng the mother follows,
Her son she leads him: and now
"Ever honored, O Mary! be thou."

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Is dressed in her richest array;
She has many a care on hand there,
Many sick folk come to her to-day
And her, for their votive offerings,
The suffering sick folk greet
With limbs that in wax are moulded
Many waxen hands and feet.
And whoso a wax hond offers.
His hand is healed of its sore;
And whoso a wax foot offers,
His foot, it will pain him no more.
To Kevlaar went many on crutches
who now on the tight rope bound,
And many who now play the fiddle
Who had not one finger sound.
The mother she took a wax taper,
And of it a heart she makes;
"Give that to the Mother of Jesus;
She will cure you of all thy aches?"
With a sigh her son took the wax heart,
He went to the shrine with a sigh;
His words from his heart trickle sadly,
As trickle the tears from his eye.
"Thou Queen of the heaven, before thre,
I lay all my anguish and pain,
"I live with my my mother at Collen,
At Collen in the town that is there.
The town that has hundreds many
Of chapels and churches fair.
"And Gretchen she lived quite near u.
But now she is dead, well-a-day!
O Mary! a wax heart I bring thee,
Heal thou my heart's wound, I pray.
"Heal thou my heart's ound, I pray.
"Heal thou my heart's wound, I pray. II

III.

The suffering son and his mother In their little bed-chamber slept;
And the Mother of God came softly,
And close to the sleepers crept.
She bent down over the sick one,
And softly, so softly, did lay!
Her hand on his heart with a tender smile,
And then she vanished away.
The mother sees all in her dreaming,
And other things, too, she marked;
Then from her slumber she wakened,
So loudly the town dogs barked.
There lay her son, so his full length
Stretched out and he was dead;
And the light on his pale cheek flitted
Of the morning's dawning red.,
In boil of the felt as she knew not how,
She felt as she sang and devoutly;
She felt as she knew not how,
She felt as she knew how of the suffering while.

Blackwood's Mayazim

ABIOLA: THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

OVIOW 1 BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

no 16 The conderstand you," replied Fabiola, goodAlumoredly! "you are a brave soldier, and you
speak as such. You must be always prepared for
indeath Trom a thousand casualties: we seldom see it
blapproach suddenly, it, comes more mercifully, and
issealthly, upon the weak. You no doubt are musloing on it mibre globidous fate, on receiving in front
offill therewere a from the enemy, and falling
incovered with mibre globidous fate, on receiving in front
offill therewere the first fate of the control of the control
intervent with things." You look to the soldier's
the fate of the control of the control
intervent with the property exclaimed Sebastian emarchitecture of the control of the control
intervent of the control of the control
intervent of the property soldier is it may come to me in
blanding with the property silver; consuming me by
lostow blitning fever, wasting me by long ingering

death?"
"No," replied Sebastian; "far it is He who must offerwird us fillt only for our fives, but for our deaths stalls!" Happy they whose into is likely our deaths stalls!" Happy they whose into is likely on the first of the content of the content of the first of the content of the first of the content of the first of the content of the c

entitly said." education to do not have been feel educated in the content made in its education of the content of the content made in its education. The content made in the content in the content of the content in th

visions which Campania afforded, for his voyage. He indulged, however, his luxurous tastes to excess; and on coming out of a bath after a hearty supper, he was seized with a chill, and in four and-twenty hours was a corpse. He had left his undivided wealth to his only child. In fine, the body was being

weath to his only child. In fine, the body was being embalmed when the courier started, and was to be brought by his galley to Ostia.

On hearing this sad tale, Sebastian was almost sorry that he had spoken as he had done of death, and left the house with mournful thoughts.

and left the house with mournful thoughts.

Fabiola's first plunge into the dark abyss of grief was deep and dismal, down into unconsciousness.

Then the buoyancy of youth and mind bore her up again to the surface; and her view of life, to the horizon, was as a of a boundless ocean of black seething waves, on which floated no living thing save herself. Her woe seemed utter and unmeasured; and she closed her eyes with a shudder, and suffered herself to sink again into abliviousness. ed; and she closed her eyes with a shudder, and suf-fered herself to sink again into obliviousness. Again and again she was thus tossed up and down, between transient death and life, while her attendants ap-plied remedies to what they deemed a succession of alarming fits and convulsions. At length she sat up, pale, staring, and tearless, gently pushing aside the hand that tried to administer restoratives to her. the hand that tried to administer restoratives and In this state she remained long; a stupor, fixed and deadly, seemed to have entranced her; the pupils deadly, seemed to have entranced her; the pupils pered of her brain becoming oppressed. The physician, who had been called, uttered distinctly and cian, who had been called, uttered distinctly and forcibly into her ears the question:—"Fabiola do you know that your father is dead?" She started, fell back, and a bursting flood of tears relieved her heart and head. She spoke of her father, and called for him amidst her sobs, and said wild and incoherent, but affectionate things about, and to, him. Sometimes she seemed to think him still alive, then she remembered he was dead; and so she wept and manned till sleen took the turn of tears in nursing.

she remembered he was dead; and so she wept and moaned, till sleep took the turn of tears, in nursing her shattered mind and frame.

Euphrosyne and Syra alone watched by her. The former had, from time to time, put in the commonplaces of heathen consolation, had reminded her too, how kind a master, how honest a man, how loving a father he had been. But the Christian sat in silence, except to speak gentle and soothing words to her mistress, and served her with an active delicacy, which even then was not unnoticed. What to her mistress, and served her with an active delicaey, which even then was not unnoticed. What
could she do more unless it was to pray? What
hope for else, than that a new grace was folded up,
like a flower, in this tribulation; that a bright angel
was riding on the dark cloud that overshadowed her
humbled lady?

As grief receded, it left some room for thought;
this came to Fabiola in a gloomy conversion does

this came to Fabiola in a gloomy, oppressive shape. What was become of her father? Whither had he gone? Had he melted into unexistence, or had he been crushed into annihilation? Had his life been searched through by that unseen eye which sees the invisible? Had he stood the proof of that scrutiny which Sebastian and Syra had described? Impossible! Then what had become of him? She shuddered at the thought, and put away the reflection from her wind. from her mind.

"Oh for a ray from some unknown light, that would dart into the grave, and show her what it was! Poetry had pretended to enlighten it, and even glorify it; but had only, in truth remained at the glorify it; but had only, in truth remained at the door, as a genius with drooping head, and torch reversed. Science had looked in, and come out scared, with tarnished wings, and lamp extinguished in the fettid air; for it had only discovered a charnel-house. And philosophy had barely ventured to wander round and round, and peep in with dread, and recoil, and then talk or babble, and shrugging its shoulders, own that the problem was yet unsolved, the mystery still unveiled. Oh, for something, or someone, better than all these, to remove the dark perplexity! perplexity!
While these thoughts dwell in gloomy silence on

the heart of Fabiola, her slave is enjoying the vision of light, clothed in mortal form translucid and radiant, raising from the grave as from an alembic, in which have remained the grave as from an anemore, in which have remained the grosser qualities of matter, without impairing the essence of its nature. Spiritualised and free, lovely and glorious, its springs from the very hot-bed of corruption. And another and another, from land and sea; from recking cemetery and from beneath the consecrated altar: the tangled thicket where solitary murder has been committed on the just, and from fields of ancient battle done by Israel for God; like crystal fountains diffestions of the circles of such that the consuming me by state of the process of the consuming me by long lingering follows with the process of the plant of the plant of the process of the plant of the process of the plant of th

followed as Rome then seldom witnessed. Processions by torch-light, in which the waxen effigies of ancestors were borne, a huge funeral pile built up of aromatic wood and scented by the richest spices of Arabia, ended in her gathering up a few handfuls of charred bones, which were deposited in an ala-baster urn, and placed in a niche of the family se-pulchre, with the name inscribed of their former

owner.

Calpurnius spoke of the funeral oration; in which, according to the fashionable ideas of the day, he contrasted virtues of the hospitable and industrious citizen with the false morality of those men called Christians, who fasted and prayed all day, and were stealthily insinuating their dangerous principles in-to every noble family and spreading disloyalty and immortality in every class. Fabius, he could have no doubt if there was any future existence, whereon be doubt it there was any future existence, whereon philosophers differed, was now basking on a green bank in Elysium, and quaffing nectar. "And oh?" concluded the whining hyprocrite, who would have been sorry to exchange one goble: of Falernian for an amphora (a large earthenware vessel in which wine was kept in the cellar) of that beverage, "oh! that the gods may hasten the day when I, his humble client may join him in his shady repose and sober banquets!" This noble sentiment gained immense left Dbanquets!

one glance told her all direct particles we did not provide a function of a poly her vigorous mind to examine, and close her an in the commence of the commenc To this care succeeded another. Fabiola had to

listening to to the details of their masterisateath Tho letter of which Throught which the state of the server to the server of the s

dove for him, in return for a well-fed slavery. With all the coolness of a practized hand he brought back to his memory every circumstance of the preceeding night's debauch, his utter ruin, and only means of escape. With unfeeling precision he strengthened every thread of the last evening's web, and added

escape. With unfeeling precision he strengthened every thread of the last evening's web, and added many more meshes to it.

The position of Torquatus was this: if he made one step towards Christianity, which Fulvius assured him would be fruitless, hewould at once be delivered to the judge, and cruelly punished to death. If he remained faithful to his compact of treason, he should want for nothing.

iould want for nothing.
"You are hot and feverish," at last concluded Fulvius; "an early walk, and fresh air will do you

The poor wretch consented; and they hardly reached the Forum, when Corvinus, as if by accident, met them. After mutualsalutations, he said: dent, met them. After mutualsalutations, he said:—
"I am glad to have fallen in with you; I should like
to take you, and show you my father's workshop."
"Workshop?" asked Torquatus with surprise.
"Yes, where he keeps his tools; it has just been
beautifully fitted up. Here it is, and that grim
old foreman, Cutulus, is opening the doors."
They entered a spacious court with a shed round
it filled with waiters for the state of severe form. To

it, filled with engines of torture of every form. Torquatus shrnnk back.

"Come in, masters, don't be afraid," said the old executioner. "There is no fire put on yet, and robody will be the said the sa

come in, masters don't be arraid," said the old executioner. "There is no fire put on yet, and ro-body will hurt you, unless you happen to be a wick-ed Christian. It's for them we have been polishing up of late."
"Now, Catulus," said Corvinus, "tell this gentleman, who is a stranger, the use of those pretty toys you have here."

Catulus, with good heart, showed them round

cattures, with good neart, showed them round his museum of horrors, explaining every thing with such hearty enthusiasm he nearly gave Torquatus practical illustriations of what he described, having once almost caught his ear in a pair of sharp pinchers, and another time brought down a mallet within ar inch of his teeth.

inch of his teeth.

The rack, a large gridiron, an iron chair with a furnace in it for heating it, large boilers for hot oil or scalding water baths; ladles for melting lead, and pouring it neatly into the mouth; pincers, hooks and iron combs of varied shapes for laying bare the ribs; scorpions, or scourges armed with iron or leaden knobs; iron collars, manacles, knives, and axes in tasteful varietes, were all commented upon with true relish, and an anticipation of much enjoyment, in seeing them used on those hard-headed and thick-skinned Chistians. (These instruments of cruelty are mentioned in the Acts of the martyrs, and in celesiastical histories.

Torquatus was thoroughly broken down. He was

taken to the baths of Antoninus, where he caught the attention of old Cucumio, the head of the wardrobe department or capsarius, and his wife Victoria, who had seen him at church. After a good refection, he was led to a gambling-hall in the Thermæ, and lost, of course. Fulvius lent him money, but for every farthing, exacted a bond. By these means, he was, in a few days completely subdued.

Their meetings were early and late; during the day he was left free lest he should lose his value, through being suspected by Christians. Corvinus had determined to make a tremendous dash at them, therefore exacted from Torquatus, his share of the compact, that the spy should study the principal cemetery where the pontiff intended to officiate. This Torquatus soon ascertained; and his visit to the cemetery of Callistus was in fulfilment of his en-gagement. When that strnggle between grace and sin took place in his soul, which Severus noticed, it was the image of Catulas and his hundred plagues, with that of Fulvius with his hundred bonds, that turned the scale in favor of perdition. Corvinus, after receiving his report, and making from it a rough chart of the cemetery, determined to assail it early the very day after the publication of the De

Fulvins took another course. He determined to Fulvins took another course. He determined to become acquainted, by sight, with the principal clergy, and the leading christians, of Rome. Once possessed of this knowledge, he was sure no disguise could conceal them from his piercing eyes; and he would easily pick them up, one by one. He therefore insisted upon Torquatus's taking him as his companion, to the first great function that should collect many priests and deacons round the Pope. He overruled every remonstrance, dispelled every fear: and assured Torquatus, that once in by his fear; and assured Torquatus, that once in by his password, he should behave perfectly like any Chris tian. Torquatus soon informed him, that there would be an excellent opportunity at the coming ordination in that very month of December.

CHAPTER X. THE ORDINATION IN DECEMBER.

Whoever has read the history of the early Pope will have become familiar with the fact, recorded almost invariably of each, that he held certain ordinations in the month of December, wherein he created so many priests, and deacons, and so many bishops for different places. The first two orders were conferred to supply clergy for the city; the third was evidently to furnish pastors for otler dioceses. In later times, the ember-days in December, regulated by the festival of St. Lucy, were those on which the Supreme Pontiff held his consistence in which he was a bis cardinal process. tories, in which he named his cardinal priests and deacons, and preconised, as it is called, the bishops of all parts of the world. And, though this function s not now coincident with the periods of ordination, till it is continued essentially for the same purpose

Marcellinus under whose pontificate our narrative placed, is stated to have held two ordinations, in this month, that is, of course, in different years. was to one of these that we have alluded, as abo

take place.
Where was this solemn function to be performed, was Fulvius's first inquiry. And we cannot but think that the answer will be interesting to the Christian antiquary. Nor can our acquaintance with the ancient Roman Church be complete, with out our knowing the favored spot, where Pontiff after Pontiff preached, and celebrated the divine mysteries; and held his councils, or the glorious ordinations, which sent forth not only bishops but mar nations, which sent forth not only bishops but mar tyrs to govern other churches, and gave to a St. Laurence his diaconate, or to St. Novatus or St. Timotheus his priesthood. There, too, a Polycarp or Irenœus visited the successor of St. Peter; and thence received their commission the apostles who converted our King Lucius to fath.

The house which the Roman Pontiff inhabited, and the aburch is able to the state of the converted our King Lucius to fath.

and the church in which they officiated, till Constantine installed them in the Lateran palace and basili-ca, the residence and cathedral of the illustrious line of martyr-popes for 300 years, can be no ignoble spot. And that, in tracing it out, we may not be misguided by national or personal prepossession, we follow a learned-living antiquarian, who, intent upon another research, accidentally has put together all the data requisite for our purpose. ("Sopra Pantichissimo altare di legno, richiuso nell, altare panle" & "On the roost aucient wooden altare on

pale," &c. "On the most ancient wooden altar en-closed in the papal altar of the most holy Lateran basilica." By Monsig, D. Bartolini. Rome, 1852.) We have described the house of Agnes's parents as situated in the Vicus Patricius, or the Patricianhis rill and spent a few lays with his daughter, on an edge is way to Asia. He was also of Asia, the way to Asia, the was also of Asia the was also ealled the street of the Cornellin, Vicus Patricins, or the Patrician, seither and another name, for it was also called the street of the Cornellin, Vicus Cornellins, because in the cause in the control of the c

virtuous spouses.

It was in their house that St. Peter lived: and his

and die for the faith of Christ. After the death of Pudens, the house became the property of his children, or grandchildren (a second or younger Pudens is spoken of), two sons and two daughters. The latter are better known, because they have found a place in the general calendar of the Church, and because they have given their name to two of the most illustrious churches of Rome, those of St. Praxedes and St. Pudentianna. It is the latter which Alban Butler calls "the most ancient church in the world." (May the 19th) that marks at once the Vieus

Alban Butter calls "the most ancient church in the world," (May the 19th) that marks at once the Vicus Patricius, and the house of Pudens.

As in every other city, so in Rome, the eucharistic sacrifice was offered originally in only one place, by the bishop. And even after more churches were erected, and the faithful met in them, communion was brought to them from the one altar by the deacens and distributed by the process. cons, and distributed by the priests. It was Pope Evaristus, the fourth successor of St. Peter, who multiplied the churches of Rome with circumstances peculiarly interesting.

This Pope, then, did two things. First, he enacted

that from thencefoward no altars should be erected that from thencefoward no altars should be blessed; and secondly, "he distsibuted titles;" that is, he divided Rome into parishes, to the churches of which he gave the name of title. The connection of these two gave the name of title. The connection of these two acts will be apparent to any one looking at Genesis xxviii.; where, after Jacob had enjoyed an angelic vision. while sleeping with a stone for his pillow, we are told that, "tremblling he said, How terrible is this place! This is no other than thehouse of God, and the gate of heaven. And Jacob arising in the morning, took the stone. — and set it up for a title, pouring vater on the top of it.." "Verses 17, 18.)

The church or oratory, where the sacred mysteries were celebrated, was truly, to the Christian, the house of God; and the stone altar, set up in it, was consecrated by pouring oil upon it, as is done to

consecrated by pouring oil upon it, as is done to this day (for the whole law of Evaristus remains in full force); and thus became a title, or monument.
(It is not necessary to enter into the classical use of the word titulus.

Two interesting facts are elicited from this narrative one is, that to that time there was only one church with an altar in Rome; and no doubt has ever been raised that this was the church afterwards and yet known, by the name of St. Pudentianna. Another is, that the one altar till then existing was Another is, that the one altar till then existing was not of stone. It was, in fact, the wooden altar used by St. Peter, and kept in that church, till transferred by St. Sylvester to the Lateran basilica, of which it forms the high altar. (Only the Pope can say Mass on it, or a Cardinal, by authority of a special bull. This high altar has been lately magnificently decorated. A plank of the wooden altar has alway been preserved in St. Peter's altar, at Pudentiana's. It has lately been compared with the wood of the Lateran altar, and found to be identical.) We further

Lateran altar, and found to be identical.) We further conclude, that the law was not retrospective, and that the wooden altar of the Popes was preserved at that church, where it had been first creeted, though from time to time it might be carried, and used else-

where.

The church in the Vicus Patricius, therefore, which existed previous to the creation of titles, was not itself a title. It continued to be the episcopal, or rather the pontifical church of Rome. The pontificate of St. Pius I., from 142 to 157, forms an interesting period in its history for two reasons.

First, that Pope, without altering the character of the cburch itself added to it an oratory which he made a title (its site is now occupied by the Caetani chapel); and having collated to it his Brother Pastor.

chapel); and having collated to it his Brother Pastor, it was called titulus Pastoris, the designation, for a

worship in times of persecution.
"In what place do the Christians meet?" he is asked by the judge

"Do you think," he replies "that we all meet one place? It is not so." But when intorrogated where he lived, and where he held his meetings with his disciples, he answered, "I have lived till now near the house of a certain Martin at the bath known as the Timotine. I have come to Rome for the second time, nor do I know any other place but the second this, not do I states any other place but the one I have mentioned." The Timotine or Timothen baths were part of the house of the Pudens family, and are those at which we have said that Fulvius and Corvinus met early one morning. Novatus and Timothens were the brothers of the holy virgins Praxedes and Pudentiana; and hence the baths were

called the Novatian and the Timotine, as they passed from one to another.
St. Justin, therefore, lived on this spot, and, as he knew no other in Rome, attended divine worship there.
The very claims of hospitality would suggest it. Now in his apology, describing Christian liturgy, of course such as he saw it he speaks of the officiating priest such as he saw it he speaks of the omeiating priest in terms that sufficiently describe the bishop, or superme pastor of the place; not only giving him a title applied to bishops in antiquity, but by describing him as the person who has the care of orphans and widows, and succours the sick, the indigent, prisoners, strangers who come as guests, who "in one word, undertakes to provide for all in want." This could be no other than the bishop or pope him-

We must further observe, that St. Pius is record-We must further observe, that St. Pius is recorded to have erected a fixed baptismal font in this church, another prerogative of the cathedral, transferred with the papal altar to the Lateran. It is related that the holy Pope Stephen (A. D. 257) baptised the tribune Nemesius and his family with many others, in the title of Pastor. And here it was that the blessed deacon Laurentius distributed the rich vessels of the Church to the poor.

In time this name has given way to another; but the place is the same; and no doubt can exist, that the church of St. Pudentiana was, for the first three centuries, the humble cathedral of Rome.

It was to this spot, therefore, Torquatus unwill-

It was to this spot, therefore, Torquatus unwill-ingly consented to lead Fulvius that he might witsess the December ordination.

We find either in sepulchral inscriptions, in mar-

We find either in sepuiental inscriptions, in martyrologies, or in ecclesiastical history, abundant traces of all the orders, as still conferred in the Catholic Church. Inscriptions perhaps more commonly record those of Lector or reader, and of Ex-

A difference was, however, that one order was not necessarily a passage, or step to another; but persons remained, often for life in those lesser orders. There was not, therefore, that frequent administration of these, nor probably was it publicly performed with the highest orders.

Torquatus having the necessary pass-word, entered

accompanied by Fulvius, who soon showed himself accompanied by Fulvius, who soon showed himself expert in acting as others did around him. The assembly was not large. It was held in a hall of the house, converted into a church or oratory, which was mainly occupied by the clergy, and the candidates for orders. Among the latter were Marcus dates for orders. Among the latter were Marcus to the converted into a church of the candidates for orders. Among the latter were Marcus to the converted into a church of the candidates for orders. Among the latter were Marcus to the converted into a church of the candidates for orders. Among the latter were Marcus to the candidates for orders.

of Torquatus, who received the deaconship, and their of torquatus, who received the deaconship, and there father Tranquillinus, who was ordained priest. Of these Fulvius impressed well in his mind the features and figure; and still more did he take note of the clergy, the most eminent of Rome, there assembled. But on one, more than the rest, he fixed

sembled. But on one, more than the rest, he fixed his piercing eye, studying his every gesture loo k voice, and lineament.

This was the Pontiff who performed the august rite. Marcellinus had already governed the Church six years, and was of a venerable old age. His countenance, benign and mild, scarcely seemed to betoken the possession of that nerve which martyrdom required, and which he exhibited in his death for Christ. In those days every outward characteristic which could have betrayed the chief shephard to the wolves was carefully avoided. The ordinary simple garb of respectable men was worn. But there is no doubt that when officiating at the altar; a distinctive robe, the forerunner of the ample chasa distinctive robe, the forerunner of the ample chas-uble, of spotless white, was cast over the ordinary garment. To this the bishop added a crown or in-fula, the origin of the later mitre; while in his hand he held the crosier, emblem of his pastoral office and

authority.

On him who now stood facing the assembly, before the sacred altar of St. Peter, which was between him and the people (in the great and old basilicas of Rome the celebrant faces the faithful), the Eastern some the celeorant faces the fathing, the Eastern spy steadied his keenest glance. He scanned him minutely, measured, with his eye his height, defined the color of his hair and complexion, observed every turn of his head, his action, his tones, and the his color of his head, his action, his tones, and the his color of his head, his action, his tones, and the his color of his head, his action, his tones, and he had a served every turn of his head, his action, his tones, and he had head a served every turn of his head, his action, his tones, and he had head his action his color of his head, his action, his tones, he had head his action his head, his action, his tones, he had head him head him his head, his action, his head, his almost his breathing, till he said to himself, "If he stirs abroad, disguised as he may chose, that man is my prize. And I know his worth."

CHAPTER XI.

"The day before the first of June, ceased to live Prætiosa, a girl (puella), a virgin of only twelve years of age, the handmaid of God and of Christ. In the consulship of Flavius Vincentius, and Fravitus, a consular man." Found in the cemetery of Calis-

If the learned Thomassinus had known this lately discovered inscription, when he proved, with such abundance of learning, that virginity could be professed in the early Church, at the age of twelve, he would certainly have quoted it. (Fetus et Nova Ecclesia; circa Bereficia. Par I. lib. iii. (Luc. 1227.)] For can we doubt that "the girl who was a virgin of only twelve years old, a handmaid of God and Christ," was such by consecration to God? Otherwise, the more tender her age, the less wonderful

her state of maidenhood.

But although this, the nubile age, according to Roman law, was the one at which such dedication to God was permitted by the Church, she reserved to a maturer period that more solemn consecration, when the veil of virginity was given by the bishop generally on Easter Sunday. That first act probably consisted of nothing more than receiving from the hands of parents a plain dark dress. But when any hands of parents a plain dark dress. But when any danger threatened, the Church permitted the anticipation, by many years, of that period, and fortified the spouses of Christ in their holy purpose by her more solemn blessing. [Thomass p. 792.]

A persecution of the most savage character was at the point of breaking out, which would not spare the most tender of the flock; and it was no worder that they who in this beautical beautiful and the same properties.

wonder that they, who in their hearts had betrothed themselves to the Lamb as His chaste spouses for-ever, should desire to come to His nuptials before death. They longed naturally to bear the full-grown lily, entwined round the palm, should this be their position.

their position.

Agnes had from her infancy choosen for herself this holiest state. The superhuman wisdom which, had ever exhibited itself in her words and actions, blending so gracefully with the simplicity of an innocent and guileless childhood, rendered her ripe, beyond her years, for any measure of indulgence which would be granted, to hearts that panted for their chaste bridal-hour. She eagerly seized on the claim that coming danger gave her, to a more than years beginning the claim that coming danger gave her, to a more than usual relaxation of that law, which prescribed a de-lay of more than ten years in the fulfilling of her desire. Another postulant joined her in this peti-

We may easily imagine that a holy friendship had been growing between her and Syra, from the first interview which we have described between them. This feeling had been increased by all that Agnes had heard Fabiola say, in praise of her favorite servant. From this, and from the slave's more modest reports, she was satisfied that the work to which she had devoted herself, of her mistress's con-version, must be entirely left in her hands. It was evidently prospering, owing to the prudence and grace with which it was conducted. In her frequent visits to Fabiola, she contented herself with admiring and approving what her cousin related of Syra's conversations; but she carefully avoided every expression that could raise suspicion of any collusion between them. etween them.

Syra as a dependant, and Agnes as a relation had Syra as a dependant, and Agnes as a relation mad put on mourning upon Fabius's death; and hence no change of habit would raise suspicion in his daughter's mind. of their having taking some secret or some joint step. Thus far they could safely ask to be admitted at once to receive the solemn conse-cution to necessarily vignitity. Their position was cration to perpetual virginity. Their petition was granted; but for obvious reasons was kept carefully concealed. It was only a day or two before the

concealed. It was only a day or two before the happy one of their spiritual nuptials, that Syra told it as a great secret to her blind friend.

"And so," said the latter pretending to be displeased, "you want to keep all the good things to yourself. Do you call that charitable, now." (To be Continued.)

A TENDER-HEARTED BROTHER.

A couple of enterprising men, doing the clothing business at Atlanta, are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handles the new-comer, and soon finds a first-class fit." In answer to the price the response is, "eighteen dollars."

"Well, sir, I like your coat very much,

but don't like the price." "Well, mine, frent, ze price is nothing so you like ze coat. We let you take at fifteen

dollars.' The customer still complains of the price, saying that fifteen dollars was to much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so taking, his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he

whispers in his ear: 'Mine frent, I let you have zat coat for twelve dollars and a half."

"Well, sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance?"

"Vell, my frent, you see dot little man dere? He was mine broder. He got ze heart discuse, and so help me gracious. If he was to hear me tell you I take twelve dollars and a half for zat coat he drop ded mit his tracks?

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